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For the Tablet.

Reason.

The principal object for which the reasoning faculties are given to man, is the investigation of truth. By the use of these powers, the human mind is assured of the character of any proposition that is presented for its consideration. Such a proposition, when it appears before the tribunal of an *impartial* judgment, is subjected to the most thorough scrutiny. Its several parts are examined, and the relations of the several parts to each other, are clearly defined—to ascertain whether the proposed theorem may be admitted within the sacred confines of truth. If a spirit of candor pervades the whole operation; if no prejudicial bias disposes the mind to demur to the decision of right reason, if the *will* is completely subject to the clear convictions of the *understanding*, then the man readily embraces whatever is demonstrated to be truth.

In forming an opinion concerning a particular proposition, it is necessary that the general principal from which we reason should be infallibly correct. If we begin with error, we shall soon find ourselves in the regions of absurdity; but, if the fundamental principle, which constitutes the essence of all true reasoning, is correct, we shall soon be led into the pathway of truth. By laying a wrong foundation, many have been brought to rear a frail superstructure, which they yet honestly and implicitly believed to be 'fitly joined together, and sufficiently strong to bear the assault of the most weighty arguments.

The natural propensities of the human will, often cause men to attach themselves to a great principle in itself erroneous, and tending to vicious practises. This they do voluntarily without compulsion from any external agent. Something within prompts to such an act; perhaps pride or a criminal desire for the unchecked reign of vice and error. A man of this description is fully satisfied with the deductions which flow from the principal he has laid down as the substrature of his system. Other men begin with truth as a foundation; upon this base they rear a bright and glorious temple, hallowed by the presence, and conse-

crated to the worship of Eternal Verity, and from which issue the sweet influences of virtue, spreading themselves over the whole surface of human character. This act is a voluntary submission to the dominion of right reason.

It is an often asserted doctrine, that men have no control over their reason or judgment; that whatever is demonstrated to be true by argument, is at once embraced by the mind, whatever may be the dictate of the will. This doctrine carries a very plausible exterior, but observation and experience teach us a different lesson: many a man that has been driven from the field of error in fair controversy, has again returned to the delusive and deceptive regions of sophistry, and reinstated himself in full confidence in his false system. Such a man was at full liberty to abandon his errors, but voluntary pride, perhaps prevented him; his faculties were misdirected and abused; he was absorbed by a love, not of truth but of himself. His mental eye was beclouded by the mists of prejudice.

There is scarcely a doctrine that may be conceived by the imagination of man, but can be sustained by arguments bearing the semblance of truth. Many doctrines which are visibly impressed with the brand of absurdity, require much reflection to render apparent to all minds their real worth. In politics, religion and philosophy, new doctrines are occasionally started, which find many advocates; but in a short time the interest excited by their first announcement dies away, and men again settle down in long established and well tried opinions.

In the inquiry after truth, there is in the minds of men a universal love of novelty. Hence many disciples to a new doctrine are made, who, were it not for the stamp of novelty, would reject it as without sufficient ground of proof. These disciples, however, are generally men of unstable and inconstant dispositions, and consequently their attachment cannot long be relied upon. Show them the smallest reason for believing that they may be in the wrong, and they begin at once to waver, and their assurance is gone; they will soon abandon the ground they have taken, and embrace some other opinion.

The natural tendency of truth, is to re-

strain the eccentric disposition of man, and to promote true virtue. Hence the human will is always disposed to reject sound principles, and to embrace those which give the reins to the passions. When a well grounded truth is published to the world, men set themselves upon finding objections, and if one is brought to light, it is repeatedly hurled against the invulnerable fortress of truth, by the crowd of blind reasoners, and though it may be proved to be invalid a hundred times, yet men will still attempt to vanquish truth by its reiteration. Surely, then, no human reasoning is irresistible for the reason may still retain its grasp upon error, though the rays of light have been diffused over the mind. Men must have a good *will* before they can be found sincerely enlisted on the side of truth.

Here let me observe that, without the support of this principle, the sublime Christian doctrine of the indispensable necessity of *faith*, falls to the ground. If belief does not involve an act of the will, of course it is *involuntary*, and can the eternal destiny of a moral agent depend upon an involuntary act?

It may be laid down as a cardinal principle, that it is the duty of man to maintain correct opinions, (of course I must be understood as applying this rule to cases where there is a possibility of precision and some measure of certainty,)—and here the question naturally arises, *What is truth?* that is, what is the hand or impress by which truth may be recognized? The answer is ready: *A proposition is always true, in as far as it befriends, procures and promotes virtuous action*; the irretrievable tendency of which is to advance the happiness of society. Here is a test worthy to be used by a being so exalted in his faculties as man. By this rule ought he to select the materials for every speculative system which he intends to rear.

REFLECTOR.

For the Tablet.

To an Infant.

Child of an hour, we look on thee and smile,
As with thy ruddy face and laughing eye,
Thou dost our wonted soberness beguile,
And waken thought from sin and actions vile,
To holiness and innocence on high.
We love thee now—but oh how soon may shame
As erst in Eden, when the primal pair
Sought refuge from their God, and sought in vain,
Cloud that fair face—and we alas! in vain
May seek for thee the better portion promis'd there.

Miscellaneous.

From the Exeter News Letter.

Jonathan in search of a Wife.

Jonathan Brown was one of the likeliest fellows that resided in the pleasant village of Nemochink, in the year of our Lord 1830. He was about six and twenty years of age, of an athletic figure, and iron constitution; and it was said he could mow over more acres of land, or lay up more rods of stone wall in a day, than any lad in those parts.

His father had been dead about three years and a half, and had left the bulk of his property, consisting of a large dwelling house, a spacious barn and out house, and a flourishing farm, to his beloved son Jonathan. His younger sister lived with him, and his mother acted in quality of house-keeper.

After his father's death every thing went on smoothly enough for a time, but at length the old lady unwisely aimed at despotic authority, and expressed a resolution to regulate the household affairs, without regard to the convenience or wishes of her son. Jonathan bore it patiently enough for a few months—but one day after a violent dispute with his maternal parent, respecting the propriety of killing and salting down a favorite porker, before or after thanksgiving, Jonathan undutifully declared that he would live so no longer, and cruelly destroyed all the old lady's dreams of dominion, by expressing his determination to get a wife.

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of November, when Jonathan Brown proceeded to put himself in decent trim; and when the rich harvest of his chin and upper lip had been gathered; when his hair had been smoothly combed, and he was attired in his best broadcloth coat and untalkaboutables, with silver watch and waistcoat to match; he was as decent a looking and personal a sort of a man as one would see in a summer's day.

As he sighing, left his native home upon this most important expedition, he communed with himself: 'I never had much acquaintance with the gals about in these parts, and I don't know as any of them will have me. 'Tis but trying, arter all, and if one won't who knows but another will. There's Squire Jones' daughter Nabby. She's a real fine gal; I'll try her first: they say Deacon Thompson's son has a sneaking notion arter her—but I don't believe it. May be she'll think herself too much of a lady for me; but she looked so pretty last Sunday at meeting in her new bonnet, that it shan't be my fault if she does not become Mrs. Brown. But if she's fool enough to say 'Nay,' there's Nancy Tompkins, who has lately returned from visiting her rich uncle in Boston. She's used to genteel society; is quite a lady; been educated at a boarding school, and will make me a flashy wife. I don't believe she's got a beau yet; and I dare say will be glad of such a chance. Then there's Peggy Pip-

kin, the prettiest gal in all the town. To be sure there's always some sparks arter her, and some folks do tell strange stories of her; but I don't believe them though. I dare say I can have her. And if the worst comes to the worst, there's Sally Johnson. She's no great beauty, it is true; but she's a good gal, and has been well brought up, and will make any man a capital wife. By jingo, exclaimed Jonathan, who by this time had wrought himself into a complete matrimonial passion, I'll strike a bargain with one of them, before I enter my own doors again.' As he expressed this praiseworthy resolution, he reached the door of Squire Jones' house.

He found the inmates, Mrs. Jones, her blooming daughter Nabby, and her three youngest daughters, all busily engaged in preparing 'good things' for tea. He was soon aware that he had arrived at an unlucky moment, for he was not welcomed by Mrs. Jones with her accustomed cordiality. And from Nabby's appearance, being tricked out in all her Sunday finery, it was plain that some important person or persons, were expected to partake with them their evening meal. However, he seated himself, and began to joke with Nabby on her looks; 'I swow, now, Nabby, you look right down handsome. You are a beauty, Nabby; there's no two ways about it; I don't believe the President ever had such a pretty gal for his wife in all his life.'

Although Nabby giggled a little, she did not seem particularly flattered by these complimentary remarks; but her face beamed with a most bewitching smile when the noise of a two wheeled carriage was heard, and Simon Thompson, in a dashing gig, drove into the yard.

'Heigho!' sighed Jonathan; 'I see how the cat jumps, if I had only been a week or two sooner, there might have been some chance. However, I won't quit the house till I've popped the question—if I don't I'll be darn'd! and if I get the bag it won't kill me.'

Simon Thompson was received by the ladies in their kindest manner, but poor Jonathan was treated with a killing coldness which made him feel rather queer. But he bravely resolved to bring the matter to issue; and accordingly when Nabby left the room to attend to some household duties, Jonathan rose, and much to the surprise of all, and to the great annoyance of Simon, followed her to another apartment.

'Nabby,' said Jonathan, 'I've been thinking about taking a wife. Mother's got so tarnation cross that I can't live so no longer, and there's no gal in these parts that I like half so well as I do you; and I don't believe you'll have cause to repent it.'

Nabby blushed to the eyes. 'Mr. Brown,' she stammered out, after biting her thumb nails for a few moments, 'I am much obliged to you for your good opinion; but I fear it is out of my power to contribute to your happiness. I hope you'll find a partner more deserving than poor Nabby Jones.'

At any rate, you cannot marry me, for I am already engaged!

'Wheugh!' whistled Jonathan; 'But there now, I thought so. You are going to marry that young dandy in t'other room. Well I don't believe he'll make you half so good a husband as I should; but if you like him better, I'll say no more about it. I've a dreadful good mind to lick him, though. Good bye, Nabby.'

'Well,' said Jonathan, as he trudged slowly along the road, which led to the venerable mansion of General Tompkins, 'the game is up! but who would believe that such a cute and slick gal as Nabby Jones would throw herself away upon that sneaking puppy, Simon Thompson! Never mind, there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught; and it is hard if I can't toll one into my net.' As he made this consoling reflection, he found himself standing on the door steps of General Tompkins' house.

Jonathan cast rather a suspicious glance upon the well polished brass knocker, which had been affixed to the General's door since Nancy's return from Boston. 'That's as much as to say,' quoth he to himself, 'that no one should enter here without knocking.'

He lifted the knocker and gave a thundering rap. A little girl came to the door. 'Is your sister Nancy at home, Hannah?' 'I don't know for sartin, but I'll see.'

'Strange!' thought Jonathan, 'that she should not know whether her sister's at home or not.'

'Nancy!' screamed the little girl, on opening the parlor, in a key so loud, that Jonathan heard every word, 'Mr. Jonathan Brown is at the door, and asks for you.— Shall I tell him you're at home?'

'I suppose you must let the booby in,' answered the accomplished young lady—'I wonder what his business is with me?'

'He's dressed up in his Sunday clothes, and perhaps he's come a sparking!'

'Booby,' muttered Jonathan to himself. 'But if ever I get Madam under my thumb, I'll make her change her tone, I guess.'

Our hero entered the room. The accomplished young lady laid down the last new novel, and received him in the most approved fashionable style. 'Too much formality by half,' thought Jonathan; 'but never mind, she's tarnation pretty.'

Our 'booby' was at first a little ashamed, but as he was playing a desperate game, he screwed his courage to the sticking point, and conversed with as much ease and elegance as could be expected. Nancy, with true female adroitness, turned the conversation into a channel which she thought would exhibit her wonderful accomplishments to the best advantage. She talked long and learnedly of poetry and music, but could scarcely conceal her contempt, when her lovelorn swain honestly declared that his favorite tunes were Wells and Old Hundred, and that the only poem he had ever read in his life was a fourth of July oration!

At length Hannah left the room, and Je-

athan, with a degree of trepidation which may easily be conceived, broke the ice.—‘Nancy, I s’pose you can guess what I came here for this evening. The long and the short of the matter is this—mother is growing old and feeble, and is not so cute at milking and making butter and cheese, and doing other odd chores about the house, as she used to be, and I have come to the resolution of getting married before the winter sets in. Now Nancy, I want a good, smart and handsome wife! Every body says you are a plaguey pretty gal, and I know you were a real smart one before you went to Boston two years ago; and so if you will have me, say so at once, and there’s my hand—the hand of a true New England farmer.’

It is impossible to describe the indignation and scorn which shone in the black eyes of the lovely Nancy Tompkins, at this unceremonious proposal. She looked at him for a moment in silence, as if trying to annihilate the presumptuous youth with a frown. At length her feelings found vent in words.

‘Mr. Brown,’ said she, ‘I am almost struck speechless with astonishment, at your presumption in supposing that Nancy Tompkins is to be wooed and won by any man in this abrupt and off-hand manner. A long series of attentions of the most tender and delicate nature, alone would induce me to exchange my present state of celibacy, for the joys and the sorrows, the blisses and disquietudes of a wedded life. And furthermore, the youth who will be fortunate enough to gain my virgin affections, must be well educated, Mr. Brown. He must be acquainted with the Waverly Novels, Mr. Brown. He must write poetry, and be able to appreciate my performance on the piano, Mr. Brown. And he must love me ardently and devotedly and be able to support me in a style of gentility, to which you or your humdrum connexions, have never been accustomed, Mr. Brown. And as for milking your dirty cows, or making your filthy butter and cheese, I would have you to know that I consider such things beneath me, Mr. Brown. You are mistaken in your estimation of my character, sir. Or do you fancy yourself the Grand Signor, who has only to drop his handkerchief at the feet of whomsoever his fancy may happen to dictate? Your impertinence, sir, is unparelled; and I am struck dumb with amazement!’

Poor Jonathan was thunderstruck at the temper which the lovely fair one displayed in this speech, and the volubility with which it was delivered. At the first pause he seized his hat, and left the house without uttering a word.

‘Mistaken, sure enough,’ thought Jonathan to himself, as he retreated from the entry, and turned down a lane which led to Captain Pipkin’s farm house; ‘what a tongue the jade has—and what a lucky escape from death! for if I should marry her, I should not live six weeks—she would scold me to death in short meter.’

He found Peggy Pipkin looking as blooming as a rose. She seemed delighted to see Mr. Brown—and the old folks took the hint, and went to bed in good season. Jonathan hitched his chair nearer and nearer, and he and the fair Peggy were soon on the best terms in the world.

‘Peggy,’ said he, ‘you are a tarnation pretty gal. I swow now, if you an’t a real beauty. I should like to have you—I’ll be darn’d if I shouldn’t.’

‘Now, Mr. Brown, don’t be talking so foolish—you make me blush to hear you.’

‘I declare, Peggy, I’m serious. Them pretty rosy lips were made on purpose to be kissed—and I’ll be darn’d if I don’t have a buss.’

‘Come, none of that, Mr. Brown. I never let the fellers come so near as that. Keep your distance, I tell you. If you go to being rude, Mr. Brown, I’ll hol—’

‘Don’t be vexed, Peggy. You’re so putty I believe I must have one buss—I swow I will.’

Here a struggle commenced. ‘Jonathan you mustn’t act so—an’t you ashamed of yourself—let me alone—I declare, now, I’ll holler—I will—I sartingly will,’ murmured the coy maiden almost out of breath.

Jonathan, being a novice in love affairs, was somewhat alarmed at these reiterated threats, and thought he had gone too far. Not caring to alarm the family merely for a kiss, he was about to relinquish the attack, when her brother Tim, who occupied a bed in an adjoining room, and had been quietly listening to the interesting discussion between the lovers, bawled out, ‘Don’t mind what she says, Mr. Brown. She always says she’ll holler—but she never does!’

This was a damper. Peggy blushed a deeper scarlet; and Jonathan, whose passion was suddenly extinguished by this interesting piece of information, sprung from the lovely Peggy’s side, and with a cold ‘good night, Miss Pipkin,’ left the house.

‘So then,’ soliloquized the youth, as he wended his way towards the snug cottage where Sally Johnson lived, ‘the stories that I heard told about that gal are as true as the gospel, arter all. But who’d have thought it? and she looked so plaguey pretty, too.’

It was nearly half past nine o’clock when our hero reached Mr. Johnson’s door. He entered without knocking, perceiving a light in the kitchen, and found no one up but Sally, who was very busily engaged in knitting by the fireside. She seemed astonished to behold Jonathan Brown at that time in the evening, but rose immediately and reached him a chair.

‘My father, Mr. Brown,’ said she, ‘has just gone to bed, but if your business is urgent, I’ll call him;’ and she moved towards the door.

‘Stop, Sally,’ exclaimed Jonathan—‘my business is urgent, I confess; but it isn’t exactly with your father. I didn’t come all the way here at this late hour to chat with him, I guess. I came here to see you.’

‘To see me? Bless me, Mr. Brown, what can you want with me at this time of night?’

‘Sit down here, Sally, and I’ll tell you all about it.’

Sally sat down. Jonathan drew his chair towards her, and hemmed two or three times to clear his throat or concentrate his ideas, I could never learn precisely which; and Sally looked up in his face, with expectation depicted on her intelligent and not unhandsome countenance.

‘You know how lonely like I live down in yonder big house, Sally.’

‘Lonely?—how can you say so, Mr. Brown, when your mother and a dear little sister live with you.’

‘That’s true,’ continued Jonathan; ‘but a mother is not always such a companion as I like. Besides winter’s coming on, and—somehow—I’m afeard I shall—sleep a cold—these long winter nights.’

‘Sleep a cold! La, Mr. Brown, what’s all that to me?’

‘Why, Sally, if you must know, I’ve taken a kind of fancy to you and believe that you would make me a right down good sort of a wife.’

‘Me, Mr. Brown! What for pity’s sake makes you think so of me!’ exclaimed the not offended fair one, ‘when there are so many prettier gals, who may be had for the asking.’

‘Why, Sally, I always know’d you to be a clever industrious gal—and as to beauty, by jingo, I believe you are as pretty as any of them. Besides, I’ve found out that all is not gold that glitters. So, tell me, Sally, whether you’ll have me or no.’

‘I do declare, Jonathan Brown, I won’t tell you a word about it, to night. This is a fine way to come a courting, and pop the question almost the first sight. I don’t know whether I’ll have you or no.’

‘Well, Sally, perhaps I’m rather too abrupt—but I’m a plain, strait for’ard sort of a feller, and can’t see the use, when my mind’s made up, to let slip such a slick opportunity of declaring it. Besides, as I told you before, the long winter evenings are coming on, and arter we’re married, we can set up together, and court every night in the week, if we like.’

‘That’s true, Jonathan. I didn’t think of that. Well, then, I guess I’ll try to make up my mind to have you.’

‘That’s my own dear Sally!—Hurrah! I’ve got a wife at last! Now let’s seal the contract.’ So saying, he planted a hearty kiss upon her ruby lips.

They were married a few weeks after this eventful evening, and Sally made Jonathan an excellent housekeeper, and an affectionate wife. Whether he defrauded her of her evenings, history does not record.

Use law and physic only in cases of necessity; they that use them otherwise, abuse themselves into weak bodies and light purses; they are good remedies, bad businesses, and worse recreations.

From the North American Review.

Stanzas.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

O let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake—
Awake to see
How soon this life is passed and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs:
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not—but the past—the past
More highly prize.

Our lives are rivers gliding free,
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave.
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In that dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill—
There all are equal—side by side,
The poor man and the sons of pride
Lie calm and still.

This world is but the rugged road,
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above:
So let us choose the narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot away
From realms of love.

Our birth is but the starting place,
Our life the running of the race—
We reach the goal,
When in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Behold, of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth—
The shades we chase:
Amid a world of treachery—
They vanish e'er death shuts the eye
And leaves no trace.

Time steals them from us; chances strange
Disastrous accident and change
That comes to all:
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate—
The strongest fall.

Tell me—the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow;
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah!—where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts,
In life's first stage—
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age!

Where are the high born dames: and where
Their gay attire and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights that came
To kneel, and breathe their ardent flame
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour,
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?

Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes unwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and Count of spotless fame,
And Baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield
All these, O death, hast thou concealed
In thy dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O death, thy stern and cruel face,
One stroke of thy all powerful lance,
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten high,
Pennon and standard flowing high,
And flag displayed:
High battlements, entrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And pallisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep;
All these cannot one victim keep.
O death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

Countess Potocka.

The following Sketch, is from the "Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna," a very entertaining work, containing anecdotes of living characters, of the different nations of Europe. It has been published in the "Select Circulating Library."

One of the places we were most anxious to visit in our tour to Russia, was the town of Toulchin, the capital, if I may so call it, of the vast domains possessed by the head of the family of Potocki. That opulent and formerly powerful house was, at the period of my visit there, represented by a woman, the Countess Sophia Potocka,* the history of whose life had given her even more celebrity in this part of Europe than her immense riches. Madame Potocka was at that time not far from her fiftieth year. She had, however, by no means yet lost any of her freshness and vigor, and she was in every respect entitled to the reputation of being a very beautiful woman. Her figure was tall, commanding, graceful, and extremely well formed, and there was an unaffected dignity in her deportment which kept familiarity within the proper limits of good breeding. Her features were extremely well formed; her large black eyes full of expression and vivacity; and an agreeable smile often played upon her lips, which occasionally uncovered a most beautiful set of teeth.

The Countess Potocka was a native of Constantinople, where her father, a reputed descendant of the Cantacuzene family, followed the humble calling of a butcher. In spite of industry and activity, he found great difficulty in earning a sufficiency to pay his way, and maintain his wife and his only daughter, Sophia. The latter had just entered her fourteenth year, and her growing beauty was the admiration of the whole neighborhood.

Fate ordained that the poor butcher should suffer repeated losses, which reduced him to a condition bordering on beggary. His wife unfolded her distressed circumstances to a Greek, one of her relations, who was dragoman to the French embassy, and who, in his turn, related the story to

the Marquis de Vauban, the ambassador. This nobleman became interested for the unfortunate family, and especially for Sophia, whom the officious dragoman described as being likely to fall into the snares that were laid for her, and to become an inmate of the harem of some pasha, or even of a Turk of inferior rank. Prompted by pity, curiosity, or perhaps by some other motive, the ambassador paid a visit to the distressed family. He saw Sophia, was charmed by her beauty and intelligence, and he proposed that her parents should place her under his care, and allow him to convey her to France. The misery to which the poor people were reduced, may perhaps palliate the shame of acceding to this extraordinary proposition; but, be this as it may, they consented to surrender up their daughter for the sum of 1500 piastres, and Sophia was that same day conducted to the ambassador's palace. She found in the Marquis de Vauban a kind and liberal benefactor. He engaged masters to instruct her in every branch of education; and elegant accomplishments, added to her natural charms, rendered her an object of irresistible attraction.

In the course of a few months the ambassador was called home; and he set out, accompanied by his oriental treasure, to travel to France by land. To diminish as far as possible the fatigue of the long journey, they proceeded by short stages; and having passed through European Turkey, they arrived at Kiminieck in Podolia, which is the first fortress belonging to Russia. Here the Marquis determined to rest for a short time, before undertaking the remainder of his tedious journey.

Count De Witt, a descendant of the grand pensionary of Holland, who was governor of the place, received his noble visitor with every mark of attention. The count, however, no sooner beheld Sophia, than he became deeply enamored of her; and on learning the equivocal situation in which she stood, being neither a slave or a mistress, but, as it were, a piece of merchandise, purchased for 1500 piastres, he wound up his declaration of love by an offer of marriage. The count was a handsome man, scarcely thirty years of age, a lieutenant general in the Russian service, and enjoying the high favor of his sovereign, Catharine II. The fair Greek, as may well be imagined, did not reject this favor of fortune, but accepted the offer of her suitor without hesitation.

It was easy to foresee that the Marquis de Vauban would not be very willing to part with a prize which he considered as lawfully acquired, and to which he attached no small value. The count therefore found it advisable to resort to a stratagem. Accordingly, his excellency having one day taken a ride beyond the ramparts, the drawbridges were raised, and the lovers repaired to church, where their hands were joined by a *papa*.* When the marquis appear-

* Where a family in Poland ends in *ki*, the female part are always designated by the substitution of an *a* for the *i*.

* A Greek Priest.

ed at the gates of the fortress and demanded admittance, a messenger was sent out to inform him of what had happened; and to complete the *dénouement* of the comedy, the marriage contract was exhibited to him in due form.

To save Sophia from the reproaches which her precipitancy, it may perhaps be said her ingratitude, would have justified, the count directed the ambassador's suite to pack up their baggage, and join his excellency *extra muros*. The poor marquis soon discovered that it was quite useless to stay where he was for the purpose of venting threats and complaints; and he had no hope that the court of France would think it worth while to go to war for the sake of avenging his affront. He therefore prudently took a hint from one of the French poets, who says:

Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte pour le sot,
Le honnête homme trompe, s'éloigne, et ne dit
mot;

and he set off, doubtless with the secret determination never again to traffic in merchandise which possesses no value when it can either be bought or sold.

About two years after his marriage, the Count De Witt obtained leave of absence, and, accompanied by his wife, he visited the different courts of Europe. Sophia's beauty, which derived piquancy from a certain oriental languishment of manner, was every where the theme of admiration. The Prince de Ligne, who saw her at the court of France, mentions her in his *Memoirs* in terms of eulogy which I cannot think exaggerated; for when I knew her at Toulchin her charms retained all their luster, and she outshone the young beauties of the court, amidst whom she appeared like Calypso surrounded by her nymphs.

The second period of Sophia's life forms a sequel perfectly in unison with the commencement. Count Felix Potocki, at the beginning of the troubles in Poland, raised a considerable party by the influence of his rank and vast fortune. During a temporary absence from the court of Poland, he made a tour through Italy, and on his return he met the Count and Countess De Witt at Hamburg, where he fell deeply in love with Sophia.

Nothing is so easy as to obtain a divorce in Poland. The law extends so far on this point that I knew a gentleman who had no less than four wives, all living and bearing his name. The motives of parties suing for a divorce are never inquired into, nor is the act itself considered as implying improper conduct on either side. The love of diversity is in most cases the cause of the wished for separation. Count Potocki, therefore, availing himself of the Polish law of divorce, and having previously made every necessary arrangement, one morning called on Count De Witt, and without further ceremony, said: "Count, I love your wife, and I cannot live without her. I know that I am not indifferent to her, and I might im-

mediately carry her off; but I wish to owe my happiness to you, and to retain forever a grateful sense of your generosity. Here are two papers; one is an act of divorce, which only wants your signature, for you see the countess has already affixed hers to it; the other is a bond for two millions of florins, payable at my banker's in this city. We may therefore settle the business amicably or otherwise, just as you please!" The husband doubtless thought of his adventure at the fortress of Kamienieck, and, like the French ambassador, he resigned himself to his fate and signed the paper. The fair Sophia became that same day Countess Potocka; and to the charms of beauty and talent were now added the attractions of a fortune, the amount of which was unequalled in Europe.

She was received at court, as a matter of course, and through her amiable manners and rank, soon became the leader of the *ton* among the Polish nobility. At his death the count Potocki made her the sole and absolute disposer of the whole of his immense property.* She had a son by the count De Witt, and several children by the count Potocki, who were all very young at the time of their father's death. When I became acquainted with this interesting family, the eldest was not more than eighteen years of age. The countess had bestowed the greatest care on the education of her children. Although herself originally brought up in a manner which would not have qualified her for the superintendence of the education of others, her mind had subsequently been cultivated under the guidance and tuition of her best friend, the ambassador, who taught her to read and write many languages correctly, and laid the foundation of acquirements not commonly possessed even by the best educated ladies in Poland!

After the death of her first husband the countess Potocka took charge of the son she had by him and brought him up with her other children.

The family mansion of the Potockis at Toulchin, commonly called the palace of Toulchin, is one of the most splendid edifices in Europe. It is built in the most elegant style of modern architecture, and is furnished in a manner suitable to its external magnificence. Over its portico is written in large gold letters the following sentiment in the Polish language: "*May it ever be the abode of virtue and freedom!*"

* At the period of his death the extent of the count's property was estimated at 165,000 of available individuals, besides petty nobles, Jews, and women, who altogether amounted to twice that number. With such a vast population, who might be called his subjects, and with a revenue of nine millions of florins, (700,000*l.* sterling,) count Potocki not only enjoyed regal honors on his estates, but nearly exercised sovereign power in the administration of them.

Nothing is more ridiculous than to be serious about trifles, and to be trifling about serious matters.

Our Country.

Thou spot of earth, where from my bosom
The first weak tones of Nature rose;
Where first I cropp'd the stainless blossom
Of pleasure, yet unmixed with woes;
Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
I tripp'd beneath a mother's hand;
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
That sparkles for my native land!

And when in childhood's quiet morning
Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
The hearts, like bended bow returning,
Springs swifter to its home of love!
Each hill, each dale that shares our pleasures
Becomes a heaven in memory;
And ev'n the broken veteran measures
With sprightlier step his haunts of glee.

O'er Norway's crags, o'er Denmark's valleys
Heroic tombs profusely rise,
Memorials of the love that rallies
Nations round kings, and knits their ties.
Sweet is the bond of filial duty,
Sweet is the grasp of friendly hand,
Sweet is the kiss of opening beauty,
But sweeter still our native land.

From the Western Magazine.

The Wood River Massacre.

Among the various incidents of the early settlements of Illinois, and those of the last war with Great Britain, that have commanded the attention of writers, there is one which I do not remember to have seen in print, that well deserves to be preserved among the records of frontier hardihood and suffering. I refer to the massacre of a woman and six children, by the Indians, in the forks of Wood river in 1814. The following is given as an authentic sketch of the facts, taken from the lips of Captain Abel Moore and his wife, who were sufferers in the transaction.

Travelers who have passed on the direct road from Edwardsville to Carrollton, will remember, at a pleasant plantation on the banks of the east branch of Wood river, a short distance from the dwelling house and powder mill of Mr. George Moore, an old building, composed of rough, round logs, the upper story of which projects about a foot on every side, beyond the basement. This, in times of peril, was a block-house, or in the common phrase a fort, to which the early settlers resorted for safety. Pursuing the road about two miles, to an elevated spot on the bank of the west fork, where the road turns abruptly down into the creek, another farm, now in possession of a younger member of the family of Moores, exhibits the former residence of Reason Reagan; and midway between these points, resides captain Abel Moore, on the same spot which he occupied, at the period to which our narrative relates. William Moore lived nearly south of Abel's, on a road which passes towards Milton. Upper Alton is from two to three miles, and Lower Alton four or five miles distant from the scene of action.

It appears that while the gallant rangers were scouring the country, ever on the alert, the inhabitants, who for several years had huddled together in forts, for fear of the

Indians, had, in the summer of 1814, attained to such a sense of security, that they went to their farms and dwellings, with the hope of escaping further depredations. In the forks of Wood river, were some six or eight families, whose men were for the most part in the ranging service; and whose women and children were thus left to labor for and defend themselves. The block-house which I have described, was their place of resort on any alarm; but the inconvenience and difficulty of clustering so thickly, induced them to leave it as soon as prudence would at all permit.

Nor had the hardy inhabitants forgotten, amidst their dangers, the duties of social life, nor the higher obligations to their Creator. The Sabbath shone not only upon the domestic circle, as it gathered round the fireside altar, but its hallowed light was shed on groups collected in the rustic edifices, which the piety of the people had erected for divine worship.

It was on the Sabbath, the tenth of July, 1814, that the painful occurrence took place which I now record. Reason Reagan had gone to attend divine worship at the meeting house some two or three miles off, leaving his wife and two children at the house of Abel Moore, which was on the way. About four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Reagan went over to her own dwelling, to procure some little articles of convenience, being accompanied by six children, two of whom were her own; two were children of Abel Moore, and two of William Moore. Not far from the same time, probably a little after, two men of the neighborhood, passed separately, I believe along the road, in the opposite direction to that in which Mrs. Reagan went; and one of them heard at a certain place, a low call, as of a boy, which he did not answer, and for a repetition of which he did not delay. But he remembered and told it afterwards.

When it began to grow dark, the families became uneasy at the protracted absence of their respective members; and William Moore came to Abel's, and not finding them there, passed on towards Mr. Reagan's, to discover what had become of his sister-in-law and children; and nearly about the same time his wife went across the angle directly towards the same place. Mr. Moore had not been long absent from his brother's before he returned with the information that some one was killed by the Indians. He had discerned the body of a person lying on the ground, but whether man or woman, it was too dark for him to see without a closer inspection than was deemed safe. The habits of the Indians were too well known by these settlers, to leave a man in Mr. Moore's situation, free from the apprehension of an ambuscade still near.

The first thought that occurred, was to flee to the block-house. Mr. Moore desired his brother's family to go directly to the fort, while he should pass by his own house to take his family with him. But the night

was now dark, and the heavy forest was at that time scarcely opened here and there by a little farm, while the narrow road wound through among the tall trees, from the farm of Abel Moore, to that of his brother, George Moore, where the fort was erected. The women and children, therefore, chose to accompany William Moore, tho' the distance was nearly doubled by the measure.

The feelings of the group, as they groped their way through the dark woods, may be more easily imagined than described. Sorrow for the supposed loss of relatives and children, was mingled with horror at the manner of their death, fear for their own safety, and pain at the dreadful idea, that the remains of their dearest friends lay mangled on the cold ground near them, while they were denied the privilege of seeing and preparing them for sepulture.

Silently they passed on, until they came to the dwelling of William Moore; he exclaimed, as if relieved from some dreadful apprehension, 'thank God, Polly is not killed.' 'How do you know?' inquired one. 'Because, here is the horse she rode.' My informant then first learned that his brother-in-law had feared until that moment, that his wife was the victim that he had discovered.

As they let down the bars, Mrs. William Moore came running out, exclaiming, 'they are all killed by the Indians, I expect.' The mourning friends went in for a short time—but hastily departed for the block house, whither by day break, all or nearly all the neighbors, having been warned by signals, repaired to sympathize and tremble.

I have mentioned that Mrs. William Moore went, as well as her husband, in search of her sister and children. Passing by different routes, they did not meet on the way, nor at the place of death. She jumped on a horse, and hastily went in the nearest direction, and as she went, carefully noted every discernible object, until at length, she saw a human figure lying near a burning log. There was not sufficient light for her to discern the size, sex, or condition of the person, and she called the name of one and another of her children, again and again, supposing it to be one of them asleep. At length she alighted, and approached to examine more closely. What must have been her sensations on placing her hand upon the back of a naked corpse, and feeling, by further scrutiny, the quivering flesh from which the scalp had been torn! In the gloom of night, she could just discern something, seeming like a little child, sitting so near the body as to lean its head first one side, and then the other, on the insensible and mangled body. She saw no further, but thrilled with horror and alarm, remounted her horse and hastened home; and when she arrived, quickly put a large kettle of water over the fire, intending to defend herself with scalding water, in case of an attack.

There was little rest or refreshment, as may well be supposed at the fort that night. The women and children of the vicinity, together with the few men who were at home, were crowded together, not knowing but that a large body of the savage foe might be prowling round, ready to pour a deadly fire upon them at any moment. A neighbor and six of the children of the little settlement, were probably lying in the wood, within a mile or two, dead and mangled by that dreadful enemy! What subjects of thought and feeling!

In the morning, the inhabitants undertook the painful task of ascertaining the extent of their calamity, and collecting the remains for burial. The whole party, Mrs. Reagan and the six children, were found lying at intervals, along the road, tomahawked and scalped, and all dead, except the youngest of Mrs. Reagan's children, which was sitting near its mother's corpse, alive with a gash, deep and large, on each side of its little face. It were idle to speak of the emotions that filled the souls of the neighbors, and friends, and fathers, and mothers, and husband, who gathered round to behold this awful spectacle. There lay the mortal remains of six of those whom, but yesterday, they had seen and embraced, in health; and there was one helpless little one, wounded, and bleeding, and dying, an object of painful solicitude, but scarcely of hope.

To women and youth, chiefly was committed the painful task of depositing their dear remains in the tomb. This was performed on the six already dead, on that day. They were interred in three graves, which were carefully dug, so as to lay boards beneath, beside, and above the bodies—for there could no coffins be provided in the absence of nearly all the men—and the graves being filled, they were left to receive in after times, when peace had visited the settlement, a simple covering of stone, bearing an inscription descriptive of their death.

From the Rose bud.

Hurrah for Sullivan's Isle!

Our Fair Steamer cuts swiftly the wave,
And her smoke tells our track on the sky,
As we steer where the noble and brave,
Once assembled to conquer and die!
And still hallow'd to us is the spot,
Where Liberty first gave her smile.
Nor be the Palmetto Fort ever forgot,
As we gather to Sullivan's Isle.
Then Hurrah for our Sullivan's Isle!
Hurrah for our Sullivan's Isle!
Nor be the Palmetto Fort ever forgot,
As we gather to Sullivan's Isle!

Oh, Fair Steamer, be true on our seas,
For the gentle and lovely are here,
The sick infant revives at the breeze,
And the young mother wipes off her tear.
When thou bearest the aged and young,
To where health brings its ravishing smile,
Let not the Palmetto Fort e'er be unsung,
As we gather to Sullivan's Isle!
Then Hurrah for our Sullivan's Isle!
Hurrah for our Sullivan's Isle!
Let not the Palmetto Fort e'er be unsung,
As we gather to Sullivan's Isle!

Western Adventure.

BY THE HONORABLE JUDGE HALL.

Among the adventurers whom Boon described as having reinforced his little colony, was a young gentleman named Smith who had been a major in the militia of Virginia, and possessed a full share of the gallantry and noble spirit of his native state. In the absence of Boon, he was chosen, on account of his military rank and talents, to command the rude citadel, which contained all the wealth of this patriarchal band—their wives, their children, and their lords. It held, also, an object particularly dear to this young soldier; a lady, the daughter of one of the settlers, to whom he had pledged his affections. It came to pass upon a certain day, when the siege was over, tranquility restored, and the employments of husbandry resumed, that this young lady, with a female companion, strolled out, as young ladies in love are apt to do, along the banks of the Kentucky river. Having rambled about for some time, they espied a canoe lying by the shore, and in a frolic stepped into it with a determination of visiting a neighbor on the opposite bank. It seems that they were not so well skilled in navigation as the Lady of the Lake, who paddled her own canoe very dexterously; for instead of gliding to the point of destination, they were whirled about by the stream and at length thrown on a sand bar, from which they were obliged to wade to the shore. Full of mirth, excited by their wild adventure, they hastily arranged their dresses, and were proceeding to climb the bank, when three Indians, rushing from a neighboring covert, seized the fair wanderers, and forced them away.—Their savage captors, evincing no sympathy for their distress, nor allowing them time for rest or reflection, hurried them along during the whole day by rugged and thorny paths. Their shoes were worn off by the rocks, their clothes torn and their feet and limbs lacerated and stained with blood. To lighten their misery, one of the savages began to make love to Miss —, (the intended of Major Smith,) and while goading her along with a pointed stick, promised, in recompense for her sufferings, to make her his squaw. This at once roused and called into action, all the energies of her mind. In the hope that her friends would soon pursue them, she broke the twigs as she passed along, and delayed the party as much as possible by tardy and blundering steps. But why dwell on the heartless and unmanly cruelty of these savages? The day and the night passed, and another day of agony had nearly rolled over the heads of these afflicted females, when their conductors halted to cook a wild repast of Buffalo meat.

The ladies were soon missed from the garrison. The natural courage and sagacity of Smith, now heightened by love, gave him the wings of the wind and the fierceness of the tiger. The light traces of female feet led him to the place of embarkation; the canoe was traced to the opposite

shore—the deep print of the moccasin in the sand told the rest, and the agonized Smith, accompanied by a few of his best woodsmen, pursued the “spoils encumbered foe.” The track once discovered, they kept it with that unerring sagacity so peculiar to our hunters. The bended grass, the disentangled briars, and compress shrub, afforded the only, but to them the certain, indications of the route of the enemy. When they had sufficiently ascertained the general course of the retreat of the Indians, Smith quitted the trace, assuring his companions that they would fall in with them at the pass of a certain stream ahead, for which he now struck a direct course, thus gaining on the foe, who had taken the most difficult paths. Arrived at the stream, they traced its course until they discovered the water newly thrown upon the rocks. Smith leaving his party, now crept forward on his hands and feet, until he discovered one of the savages seated by a fire, and with deliberate aim shot him through the heart.

The women rushed towards their deliverer, and recognized Smith, clung to him in the transport of newly awakened joy and gratitude, while a second Indian sprang at him, with his tomahawk. Smith disengaged himself from the ladies, aimed a blow at his antagonist with his rifle, which the savage avoided by springing aside, but at that moment the latter received a mortal wound from another hand. The other only remaining Indian fell in attempting to escape. Smith, with his “interesting charge,” returned in triumph to the fort, where his gallantry, no doubt, was repaid by the sweetest of all rewards.

The Tablet.**Reception of the President.**

The President and his suite arrived here on Saturday last, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in the steamboat *Splendid*. The Superior accompanied her with about 100 passengers. The appearance of the boats was first announced by a salute from the Cutter stationed off the harbor, which was replied to by a company of Artillery on shore. As they entered the harbor, cannon were again discharged, and the bells of the city rung. A battalion company had previously formed, and under the command of Col. Jarman, proceeded to the wharf on Tomlinson's Bridge, to await the President's arrival. Guards were stationed at the entrance of the Bridge to keep the spectators from intruding upon the movements of the escort, as well as to save themselves from the danger to which many would have been exposed, had the landing place and the bridge been occupied by a promiscuous multitude.

The boats came up in fine style, and as the *Splendid* drew near the wharf, the military were formed in a line abreast of the boat. As soon as the President could be distinguished, he stepped forward, uncovered, and bowing gracefully, saluted the members of the escort. This was returned by the band in the happiest manner, and continued by the hearty cheering of those around.

In a few moments he was seated in a new barouch carriage, drawn by four grey horses, gaily caparisoned, and escorted by the military and a long train of citizens in carriages and on horseback, proceeded thro' some of our principal streets to the State House,—every where met by continuous cheering and demonstrations of the good feelings of the people. At the State House he was addressed by the Mayor and Governor, and after receiving the personal respects of the ladies and citizens generally, paid a visit to the College and was afterwards escorted through the western section of the city, and returned to the rooms provided for his reception at the Tontine. Here the military passed in review before him, and after receiving their salute, he retired to his apartments.

On Sunday, the President attended in the morning, Trinity Church—in the afternoon, the North Church. On Monday morning after visiting several of our manufacturing establishments, he proceeded on his way to Hartford, accompanied by many of our citizens.

The appearance of the President was highly prepossessing and we believe that the impression will be left wherever he goes, that, at least in regard to him, he is not so bad as he might be.

THE MEDLEY, conducted by an association of of the students of Yale College.—The June number of this periodical has made its appearance, and is in no respect inferior to either of the former numbers. There are in our opinion, but few periodicals in our country, conducted with greater ability, or which deserve more richly the patronage of the public, than the Medley. We deem it an honor, not only to the institution from which it emanates, but also to our city; and we regret exceedingly to say, that while works of a similar kind published in other places, are receiving a liberal patronage, this is suffered to languish for want of support. The circulation of the Medley is confined almost exclusively among the students, while the periodicals of Union, Amherst, and other colleges, receive the support and encouragement of the citizens generally, in the respective places in which they are located—so ought it to be here; and we sincerely hope that our citizens will make themselves acquainted with the work, and then we doubt not they will extend a willing hand in aid of the undertaking.

The Rural Repository.—This little work, published in Hudson, N. Y. by Wm. B. Stoddard, has just entered the tenth year of its existence, in a new and improved form. It is a neat and well conducted semi-monthly, and well deserves the patronage it has received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—“Y” is informed that his “Answer to Enigma” has been received, and will appear in our next number.

“PRETTY SQUAWS!”—When Black Hawk and his party were on board a steamboat at Baltimore, they exchanged civilities with all who approached them, and dignified several ladies when presented, with the distinguished compliment of “pretty squaws,” pretty squaws.”—*Newark Dai. Adv.*

The Prophet's Dream.

BY JOHN B. DILLON.

"The land shall be utterly emptied, and utterly spoiled." ISAIAH, XLIV. 3.

Where fell the palm-tree's clustering shade,
The aged and weary prophet lay,
And o'er his fevered temples played
The freshness of the primal day.
He slept—and on his spirit fell
A vision of the flight of Time.—
He saw upon the future dwell
A dark'ning cloud of sin and crime.

Gone were the spirits that lingered near
The world in its early bloom,
And Hope's pure light, that was wont to cheer,
Grew dim in the gathering gloom;
And love from Earth was hurled—
And a mandate came,
In a breath of flame,
To scourge a sinful world.

"Let the sword go forth"—and forth it went,
And gleamed o'er tower and battlement,
And glanced in the tented field,
And helms were cleft, and shields were broke,
And breasts were bared to the battle stroke,
Only in death to yield:

Then warriors met—but not to part—
And the sun glared redly on the scene;
And the broken sword, and the trampled heart,
Might tell where the battle steed had been.
Dark and still, by the moon's pale beam,
Lay moldering heaps of slaughtered men—
The fountain of a sanguine stream—
Earth drank the blood of her offspring then.

"Go forth Disease"—and at the word,
The groans of a stricken world were heard,
And the voice of woe rose high—
And myriads yielded up their breath
As the haggard form of the tyrant Death
On the rotten breeze swept by.
And the lovely green that overspread
The world in its guiltless day,
Grew as deeply dark, and sear'd, and dead,
As the parched earth where it lay.
With lifeless limbs the livid trees
Stood locked in the arms of death.
Save one, that still to the withering breeze
Could lend its poisonous breath.
Deeply the world in that drear time,
Felt the deadly curse of sin and crime.

"Famine go forth"—and at the name,
Rose a feeble shriek and a fearful laugh,
And a tottering fleshless monster came,
The lingering stream of life to quaff—
And he stalked o'er the earth, and the languid
crowds

Were crush'd to the dust in their mildew'd shrouds;
Then arose the last of human groans,
As the shriveled skin hung loose on the bones,
And the stream of life was gone—
And Death expired on that awful day,
Where his slaughtered millions round him lay,
For his fearful task was done.
Old Earth was lone—for her offspring lay
Moldering dark on her bosom of clay—
All tones of life were hushed—
And the brazen tombs of sepulchred men,
That battled the might of Time till then,
Atom by atom were crushed—
And desolate round in its orbit whirl'd
The hopeless wreck of a worn out world.

The dreamer woke, and the glorious day
Broke calmly on his dream—
And the joyous birds from each green spray,
Caroll'd their morning hymn—
The Earth still moved in beauty there,
With its clustering groves and emerald plains,
And the pure breezes bore the prophet's prayer,
To the throne where the Rock of Ages reigns.

From the New Yorker.

The Market.

Cash.—In this all important and favorite article the usual scarcity continues. The demand is tremendous. Holders very firm.

Dust.—Since the rains ceased this article has risen considerably, and is in lively circulation.

Mud.—There is still a plentiful supply in some quarters, and it is supposed the city will retain the present stock, as very little is taken up for exportation. Some near sighted speculators are said to have dipped very deeply into this article.

Cheese.—Great animation in the old stock and as the season advances, some indications of activity in the new.

Duns.—Very plentiful; but there is not a good feeling towards them in the market, and though receipts are offered with them gratis, they are taken up with very great reluctance.

Ladies' dresses.—There is a better feeling manifested. Petticoats have come down very considerably since last season, and ankles, which were freely offered to a great extent, now come more sparingly before the public. The bonnet business, which occupied so large a space in the attention of speculators, has been much curtailed, and noses are occasionally seen in profile.—Flounces which ranged so high a few months back are rarely to be met with; but the sleeve trade is carried on to a stupendous extent.

Live Stock.—Dandies are much depressed—calves heavy and dull. Terrapins are looking up.

Whiskers.—There has been a very full crop this season, and the stock accumulates rapidly.

Newspapers.—Plenty and dull; the stock consists principally of the day and light description. There is some stagnation in the business, owing to our being without late foreign advices.

Loungers.—go very languidly off, the stock is large, and the demand principally confined to retail dealers.

Marriages.—During the past season the market was unusually lively, and it is supposed that numerous speculations were made. Several contracts were completed at prices which have not yet transpired.—There is yet a large stock undisposed of.—Fair descriptions are in brisk demand.—Choice is scarce. Offers are freely made for such of this quality as remains in first hands. Cash is required in the general run of transactions.

GIGANTIC COLUMN.—The monument erected to the memory of the late Emperor Alexander, by the present autocrat of the Russias, is said to be one hundred and sixty feet in height. It is of red granite, taken from a celebrated quarry in Finland. The pedestal is square, and is forty feet high.—The shaft is round, in one piece, is eighty five feet high, twelve feet in diameter at the top, and weighs six hundred tons. It sup-

ports a colossal bronze statue, representing an angel holding a cross. So much for having sat upon the throne of the Northern Bears, having been a member of the Holy Alliance, and a brother to the greatest Despot that holds a sceptre.

Irish Hospitality.

"Will ye dine with me to-morrow —?"
"Faith an' I will, with all my heart."
"Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm asking ye to." "And what for not? A family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing!—What have ye got?" "Och, nothing but common!—Jist an elegant pace of earned beef, and potatoes!" "By the powers! that bates the world! Jist my own dinner to a hair—barring the beef."

Epigram

To a lady with an exposed bosom, who wore a key for a brooch.

Quoth a wild wag, It seems to me,
Quite odd! do stop and mind it!
To lock the door and hang the key
Where every fool may find it!
Hush! was the answer, 'tis a joke
You know it by the token,
No soul can want the key—for look!
The door is left wide open.

Married.

On Monday morning the 17th inst. by Rev. Mr. Bacon, Mr. Charles Hinman to Miss Rhoda Ann Hills, both of this city.

In St. John's Church, New Milford, Conn. on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. B. M. Sherman, of the firm of Smith and Sherman, of this city, to Sophia D. youngest daughter of John Taylor, Esq. of the former place.

On Sunday, the 9th inst. in Trinity Church, by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, Mr. Chauncey Barnes, to Miss Hannah Forbes, both of this city.

In Berlin, Rev. Darius Mead, of South Britain, to Miss Emily C. Goodrich, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Goodrich.

In New London, Rev. Robert McEwen, to Miss Betsey P. Learnard, daughter of Ebenezer Learnard, Esq.

Died.

In this city, on the 20th inst., Mrs. Charlotte Hoadley, wife of Mr. George Hoadley.

At West Hartford, Mrs. Anne Percival, aged 57, wife of Dr. Francis Percival.

At Waterbury, Mr. Thomas Hotchkiss, aged 73.

At Northford, on Sunday the 2d inst., Samuel Edward, only child of Darwin F. Bartholomew.

At Hamden, on the 5th of June, after a short illness, Jesse Gilbert, Esq., aged 70.

THE LITERARY TABLET

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PRESS OF WHITMORE & MINOR.